/374 cont./

121 It is probable that such a practice, in origin, is due to the
266 lack of food. Nevertheless, later, because of the whole orientation of the mentality of primitive man, it came to take on a magical character. One must, then, distinguish economic cannibalism and ritual cannibalism.

/375/ 1. Economic cannibalism.

In economic cannibalism the flesh of enemies, fresh or preserved by various processes that they know, is usually consumed; this is exoanthropophagy. Hence expeditions of war to provide human flesh.

266 This is what Wallace tells us (o. c. 638) about the Kubewana:
721 --"On the Uaupés only the Cubeus /Cubeo/ are truly cannibals. They eat those of the other tribes whom they kill in battle. In order to obtain human flesh still fresh, they even make war for this single purpose. When the meat exceeds what they can eat at one time, they dry it and smoke it on the fire, and thus it can be stored for a long time. They burn the heads of the dead ones and drink their ashes with caxirí in the same way that has already been described above."

[727] [567] As for the Kubewana or other tribes of the Uaupés, this information obtained by Wallace seems false to us. Perhaps in turn based on Wallace is Bento de Figueiredo Tenreiro Aranha, Director of the "Archivo do Amazonas" (1907, Vol. 1, No. 3, p. 80), in his article entitled "As explorações e os exploradores do Uaupés /The explorations and the explorers of the Uaupés/," where he also affirms: -- "When they take a prisoner in war, if it is a man, they massacre, if it is a woman or a young man, they sell, when they find a buyer, otherwise they kill and eat, dividing the pieces among everyone in the tribe."

266 The encounters and reprisals that took place about twenty
648 years ago between the Colombian seringueiros /rubber workers/
726 and the natives of the banks of the Cananari, tributary of the Pirá-paraná, are still remembered (information by the Colombian Napoleão Estrada, in November of 1953, and by others). Still

726
411 shields rested on the ground and the men fired their arrows from
714 behind them.

At a victory dance the men wore the smoked genitals of the killed
727 warriors over their own genitals as an ornamental trophy. After the
266 dance the women were offered the penises to eat for fertility. Except
[842] for the intestines, deemed not fit to eat, the enemies were consumed at a sib feast and drinking party. The head, limbs, liver, and heart were spit roasted, the rest of the meat was boiled.

6: Moser and Tayler E,N-5 (1960-1961) 1967 SQ19 Tucano SQ19

721 many more people lived there. We are told by Robuchón that sixty years ago the Indians of north-west Amazonia, round the Caquetá and to the north, were extremely warlike. Tribal warfare was rife and no one trusted his
727 neighbour. *Malocas* were attacked and burnt down and prisoners taken; of these only young children were allowed to survive as slaves. The remainder were knocked to the ground with wooden clubs which the Indians still have today, their bodies hacked to pieces, their forearms used to stir the *chicha* and the armbones later made into flutes. Hands and feet were a delicacy and the sexual organs were eaten by the headman's wife to ensure brave offspring. even the bones were boiled into broth and the orgy continued until the cannibals had completed their spoil and the *chicha* had run dry.

Such a description of warfare and cannibalism would not fit the Indian who lives in the Piraparaná today, and certainly bears no resemblance to the [178] daily life we saw in their *malocas*. We found the Indian's day measured by a peaceful regularity.

512 Slowly the great house comes to life. Smouldering fires are stirred into a blaze, for the hour before sunrise – even inside the *maloca* – is always the coldest. A baby cries, a young Indian moves from his hammock to the palm-screen door and eases it up to its hook like a portcullis, then saunters leisurely out into the dawn. Others follow. The women move at the far end of the *maloca*, still only vague shapes in the gathering light as they prepare cassava, pick up the water pots and go down to the river to bathe.

[264] The men returning from the river squat on their haunches on the low
[262] stools in the centre of the *maloca*, and without any ceremony consume their breakfast of cassava bread, manioc juice and probably some leftovers from the previous night – boiled fish or a piece of bush pig. The women, who have eaten separately with the children, collect their large manioc baskets and leave
[482] for the *chagra*, the forest clearing where they grow their crops. The baskets are slung from a strip of sapling bark across the forehead; they hold their babies on their hips, walking rapidly, almost awkwardly – the Indian woman's gait is not a graceful one. Children run along beside them, some
[855] affectionately holding the hands of their mothers, others playing. A few of
[857] the elder children return to the river to fish, and some of the men go off in
[226] pairs to hunt and fish, while others move off to collect coca leaves from their *chagras*.

249 The Piraparaná has always been an area of coca cultivation and today the river and its tributaries are one of the few remaining strongholds of the drug in north-west Amazonia. Carrying no more than their small coca pouches and the basket for the leaves, five or six men, led by the headman, go down to the stream, perhaps taking a drink and washing themselves before they climb up the far bank. They move along a path through the thick vegetation of an old *chagra* fallen into disuse. Although an occasional banana or *pupuña* palm